

# STUDENT REVIEW

Put Together Late At Night • February 24



# NIGHT ISSUE



# Tracy Moore

12 string guitarist  
in concert:

Friday, 26 Feb 7:30 PM

Tracy Moore is an instrumentalist with superb talent. He has received critical acclaim for his first two albums, *Skeypiece* and *A Peculiar Point of Balance*. The latter is considered to be one of the best 12-string records ever made, according to *Guitar Player* and *Acoustic Guitar* magazines.

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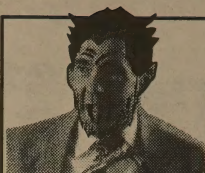
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### STUDENT REVIEW

YEAR VII • ISSUE XIX

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### Tonight's the Night

Last Friday night I sat down at the computer and turned on the little brass lamp with the green shade and, facing a deadline, began to work. I worked past 11:00 and 12:00, through the first stages of fatigue and haziness into the second wind, through the night and into the early hours of Saturday morning. The house got quiet, and the phone didn't ring. By three o'clock, there's no traffic and the roommates are bedded down. The DJs don't talk much. They play album cuts, fewer commercials. No back-ground noises: pinball tilts, boings, applause. Four o'clock is a world that is still and alone. With no interruptions, I finish about 5:00, and I opt to roll into bed to sleep until my client calls rather than wait for the dawn. I've done that once.

Perhaps I should be more familiar with the night than I am. I've been a fairly steady insomniac for the past fourteen years. And I was a college student for six. I enjoy my solitude, and I burn in the sun. What if I worked until 5:00 every day, then slept till noon?

But I've been scared of the dark, too. And I've been warned. Called indoors as a child. And I have to get up at 6:00 to get to work. I've got traces of the cowering Puritan in me, smidgens of the farm belief in a good day being a long day, the gently nagging voice of scripture: "retire to thy bed early"; "cease to sleep longer than is necessary."

And mostly night remains a mystery.

Andy and I stumbled into Hardee's once about two a.m. We didn't speak the language. We didn't have the look. We bought our food in the non "High School Student Only" line, and Andy asked some kid if he were from out of town.

There's another crowd at Denny's, one at Village Inn, 7-11, Chevron.

There's a light on here and there, a couple of cars on the road. Somebody's working on a paper. Somebody's watching bad TV.

Passion.

Fear.

Crime.

Mystery.

You're parents go to bed. You go out. The street people go somewhere.

The moon, the stars, the freaks come out.

Didn't you ever wonder about it all?

## STAFF NOTES

•Staffpeople of the week are Lora Berry and Kelly Broadhurst, our fearless and faithful truck drivers. Their assistance means we can put the papers out each Wednesday morning. Gracias, amigos.

•We hereby place our second formal call for M. Spafford Sumison. This issue is somehow not complete without a 70s night discography.

•Be on the lookout for *Student Review's* forthcoming '93 t-shirts, sporting an original design by Dave Merkley. Watch for ads, find them soon at Mama's Cafe, or just send \$10 to SR and we'll send you one hot off the press.

•Finally, as you peruse the pages of this issue, you will notice ideas for nightlife attracting your attention. Treat this issue as you would the Conference issue of the *Ensign*. Mark it in yellow highlighter. Keep it by your bedside. Pray about it. If you find yourself bored at any post meridian hour in the next six months, you know where to look for inspiration. Kudos—SR.

**READ STUDENT REVIEW.  
IT'S SPIRITUALLY CORRECT**



## Note from the A&L Editor:

*Viva Las Vegas! DUH!*

You may remember a piece of short fiction we ran in our January 20 issue—"Might as Well" by E. Visick. If you don't, let me recap the action for you—a narrator known to us only as "I" travels to the fabled Las Vegas strip with a companion named "John." As things sometimes go in Las Vegas, not all of the sights and sensations were entirely pleasant or positive. She was frightened by Elvis impersonators, drunk women in sequins, violence. Even her ride home with her friend John was not consoling.

To me, the story was not especially confusing. And I didn't see E. Visick making any grand moral statements about Las Vegas. But then again, maybe I'm a poor reader of fiction. And maybe the story made sense because E. Visick is my roommate and I soak up her vibes. (Thin walls. We share dishes, too.) I liked it. So I was very surprised—no, floored—at the reaction this little story received.

The day after the issue came out, we received a couple of phone calls at our place asking if E. Visick was a girl or a boy. It seemed to put our callers at ease to hear that the "E" stands for Elizabeth. Perhaps they were a little disturbed by the possibility that "John" and the narrator (who shared a few semi-tender moments) might be of the same sex. But since E. Visick was a girl, then, obviously the narrator was a girl and all of that "John" business was hunky-dory. Obviously, since boy-writers only write boy-narrators and girl-writers only write girl-narrators. Whatever.

A few days later (in record turnaround time, I might add) we started receiving letters at the little SR P.O. Box about the story. The letters came from upstanding Las Vegans concerned about the tawdry image of their native city Visick presented. How concerned were they? Very concerned. One reader was concerned five-pages-long!

Although I'd love to reprint the letters in entirety, I'll just give you the nuggets. All of the folks who wrote letters expressed weariness at constantly having to defend their hometown against charges of cheese and sleaze. One reader wrote a sparkling promotion for the city:

"To dispel some myths about Las Vegas, here are a few attributes of living there:

1. Most everything is open 24 hours.
2. Las Vegas recently surpassed Chicago as having the most business conventions of any city in the U.S.
3. Slot machines in 7-11's, K-Mart's, and Smith's
4. The National Finals Rodeo
5. A warm climate with Lake Mead for water skiing. Lee's Canyon for snow skiing, and Red Rock Canyon for mountain climbing all within a half-hour drive.
6. Cheap food (All you can eat buffets for \$3)
7. 13 high schools in the area
8. Nellis Air Force Base
9. Las Vegas has more churches per capita than any other city in the United States."

(I wonder if that includes the Little Chapel of Elvis.)

Another reader took a more moral approach:

**see "schools" p. 8**

## Letter to the Editor:

Dear Student Review,

I am writing this in response to the article written on February 10th entitled, "Fear and Loathing in Colorado." The article discussed [the addition of] Amendment 2 to Colorado's constitution—the "No Gay Rights Amendment." For all of you who were waiting around on Election Day to celebrate its defeat, I was one of the people who aided in your disappointment.

I'm not attacking homosexuals in any way; in fact, I think it's a sad society that would use physical violence against anyone who is different for any reason—as long as the differences don't infringe on the rights of another.

So why did I vote "Yes" on Amendment 2? Amendment 2 wasn't an amendment denying equality to homosexuals; it denied *minority status* for homosexuals.

They may be different from the mainstream, but that doesn't qualify them to be considered a minority. Why should they have more rights than I do? Imagine for a moment that the whole world likes green Jell-O except for me; I like red. Does that make me a minority? Should I get more rights than you because my preferences are different? That's what it's all about. No, I don't think it would be fair to beat me up because I like red Jell-O, but it shouldn't allow me special privileges either.

As an example of the problem is with the employer/employee relationship. In many parts of Colorado it

is legal for a heterosexual to fire a homosexual employee simply because he/she is homosexual. I don't agree with this, but rather than saying, "We need more gay rights!" why don't you say, "We need more rights for every employee?" This way Amendment 2 has nothing to do with it. Most people don't realize that in these same Colorado regions it is perfectly legal for a homosexual employer to fire [a] heterosexual employee simply because he is *not* gay.

So, fight all you want for rights; I'm all for it. But fight for rights for everyone, not just for yourselves because you consider yourselves to be a minority.

Thanks,  
Steve Jibson  
Lakewood, CO

Editors' Response:

As the *Review* reported on February 10, one of the reasons Colorado's bill passed into law was because most of the country had its attention focused on Oregon, where Measure 9 was deemed a far greater threat to lesbian and gay Americans. While civil rights organizations and legal advocates rallied in Oregon, Colorado's bill slid past voters and the mass media; by the time things had calmed down in one state, it was too late for the other.

The two movements are closely related. Colorado for Family Values, the organizers for Amendment

**see "letter" p. 8**

## More on Colorado

To the Editor:

I had just about given up on SR as far as the issue of homosexuality was concerned. After biting, offensive remarks about gays in the last two issues, I was sure that SR, in all its liberal, alternative glory, was becoming just another sounding board for homophobic writers, and I was doomed to reading the same dogma and misinformation that I could just as easily read in *The Daily Universe* (which I don't read). As a gay student I just wanted to thank you for your article on Amendment 2 in Colorado, and what it really means, to straight as well as gay people there. Please continue to follow this issue, as I understand that it's been blocked by a judge who wishes to review the constitutionality of the amendment. Also, I'd appreciate it if you didn't print my name—for obvious reasons!

Sincerely,  
Name Withheld

*Editor's reply: You may have missed past SR issues which discussed homosexuality frankly and evenhandedly—at BYU (28 November 1990)—and in Mormonism in general (1 April 1992; 28 October 1992). To obtain these issues, send \$3 to the address on page 2.*

## Call for Service

To the Editor:

I thank all of you for your publication. I think it's great that students have a forum in which we can share ideas, opinions, talents, etc., that may not otherwise be shared. Keep up the good work!

I would appreciate it if you could print the following announcement for me:

Attention:

If you are concerned about current problems we face as a community, nation, and world,

and would be interested in forming a non-profit service organization designed to address these issues, please contact:

Devon Lawrence  
469 N 100 E #10  
Provo, UT 84606  
377-5944

## Shallow Candidates

To the Editor:

The rhetoric surrounding this year's would-be BYUSA top dogs was as loud as ever. Students were assured again and again that each candidate's decision to run was the product of a sincere wish to serve our interests. Sadly, as soon as the election results were announced, the two finalist candidates who lost revealed the depth of their commitment to students. Trip Meredith said he had no interest in serving as a BYUSA volunteer anymore, and planned to graduate early. Dawnese Noel revealed a similar lack of interest for serving in any capacity other

than President; maybe she'll serve a mission, she tells us. Is it any wonder so many of us are cynical about the intentions of BYUSA and its would-be officers?

Jason Miller  
Orem

## Rape Shelter Benefit

To the Editor:

The Women's Law Forum of the J. Reuben Clark Law School is sponsoring a variety show benefit on February 25 at 7:00 P.M. Proceeds of the benefit will be donated to the Provo Center for Women and Children in Crisis.

The funds will primarily be used by the Center to purchase sweat suits for rape victims. In many cases, women who are raped are required to leave their clothes at the hospital as evidence, and are then left with a choice of leaving the hospital in a gown or a blanket, adding insult to injury. The Women's

Law Forum believes that by raising funds to purchase sweat suits for these victims, they will be able to leave the hospital with more dignity. Also, women often escape to the shelter with only the clothes on their backs. A new sweat suit will enable them to wash their clothes and go get new ones.

The Variety Show will include popular local performers such as Vocal Point, comedian John Bytheway, and the Orem High School Percussion Ensemble, as well as several other up-and-coming talents. Master of Ceremonies will be Professor James Gordon, and special guest Steve Young will also participate.

Tickets may be purchased at the Law School third floor reception area or by contacting Debbie Ruse, 378-4276 or 378-4274.

For more information, contact Cathy Kelly at 581-9450 (SLC).

Thank you,  
The Women's Law Forum



## Ghosts at BYU

by C. Callaway

Jay Knight, a sophomore from Salt Lake, was walking through the Talmage Building late on a Tuesday night. Having just finished working in the computer lab, he was almost to the doors when to his surprise, the doors opened as a pale figure entered from outside. "What caught my eye," says Jay, "was the fact that he didn't touch the doors to open them. They just opened by themselves." Jay turned and ran screaming to another exit. Upon returning home, he called University Police. The dispatcher referred Jay to a special SAC committee set up to track ghosts at BYU. The committee identified the ghost Jay saw as Harold Namon, who was the first math teacher to

die not start until 1960 with the crowning of Betty White. Mary lost that year to Betty and apparently the grief of her loss crushed her will to live. She died of mysterious circumstances in a small New Mexico town in 1969. Beginning the next year, her ghost began showing up frequently. As for Amanda Tucker, she would have been Homecoming Queen in 1988. Cricket Goodsell, 1987 Homecoming Queen, said of Amanda, "She

sighted 94 times, mostly glowering at VOICE and College Democrat meetings.

• John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert have been seen 47 times in the Kennedy Center standing in front of the glass windows that say "The David M. Kennedy Center for International Studies." A conversation between the Kennedy brothers was recorded by a student in the building late on the night of January 12, 1992. The trans-

scription of the recording reads as follows:

*JFK:* Bobby, do you know this David guy?

*Robert:* Yes, I think he's our third cousin from Maine.

*JFK:* Are you sure? I was thinking he's Mother's great nephew who lived in Connecticut. You know, the fellow who was expelled from Brandeis for plagiarism.

*Robert:* I thought that was

Cousin Philip.

*JFK:* That's right, Bobby. Maybe David was the adopted son of Aunt Hilda. They lived in New Hampshire, and he went to Boston College.

*Robert:* No, no, no. You're thinking of Charles.

The tape ended at that point.

• The infamous Phantom Honor Guard has been sighted 36 times. They appear shortly after dusk and hoist the Skull 'n' Crossbones on the flagpole. Before dawn they reappear and bring it down. The only students known to have seen the Phantom Honor Guard have all been permanently detained on the 12th floor of the Kimball Tower, where, incidentally enough, the apparition of a small helicopter frequently lands on the roof. No reason is known for the helicopter's appearance.

• One last ghost worthy of mention is the ghost of former student Nathan Jensen. Nathan went on a mission when the Grant Building was the Library. When he returned to BYU, he entered the Grant Building, assuming it was the library. Finding himself in the new Testing Center, he was slightly dazed and ended up

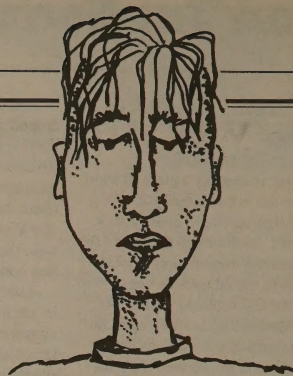
be fired from BYU. A committee member identified only by his code name, Bobo, recounts the history of Harold: "He was fired, left the area, and died a short time later teaching first graders in Thistle, Utah. That was in 1895. From then on, his ghost has followed the math department around campus."

This SAC committee catalogued ghost appearances and related phenomena in a report and delivered to the office of Rex Lee. Disappointed by the Administration's lack of response, Bobo took a copy of *Ghosts, Yes, Ghosts* and published it himself. The work describes the appearances of ghosts all over the BYU campus. The following is a sampling of what can be found in the report:

• Several prominent ghosts appear in the Wilkinson Center. The report identifies two of these ghosts as Mary Jones and Amanda Tucker, respectively. Both are known to haunt the third floor of the ELWC. Both have similar stories and have been seen consoling one another while viewing the Homecoming Queen photographs. It appears that Mary was the prettiest girl at BYU in 1959. But the Homecoming Queen tradition

had a lock on the Queenship. She was looking forward to her coronation so much." Unfortunately for Amanda, BYU abolished the Homecoming Queen that year. Despondent over what she thought was a plot against her, she frequently visited the photos of previous queens on the third floor. One particular visit was too much for her, and she fell over the railing down to the Cougarat floor. There were 127 sightings last year on the third floor: 31 of Mary alone, 44 of Amanda, and 52 of them together. All sightings occurred at night.

• The other most prominent ghost in the ELWC is Ernest Wilkinson himself. Night custodial worker Greg Hines described his encounter with the Ghost of President Wilkinson: "Well, I was really sick of buffing the floors in the Cougarat, so I was stuffing the 100 Hour Board box by the step-down lounge. I heard someone come up behind me. I turned around and there was Ernie, all pale and wearing a suit. He asked what I thought I was doing, and I bolted. I thought he was going to bust me, but several days later I realized he was a ghost 'cause he's been dead for a while." Wilkinson's ghost has been



## Hey, What's With the Hair?

My editors just informed me that I have to write a column about my haircut. Like I'm not already self-conscious enough about it. It seems the art people already changed the picture above my column. So, in compliance with the "continuity clause" in the *Review's* mission statement, I must explain.

Before I go any further, there is something you ought to know. I don't look anything like the picture that appears above this column each week. Sorry kids; there simply is no long-haired rebel named Matt Workman that attends school here. Instead, there is a rather conventional-looking guy who (until a week ago) had a "do" that was best described by a friend as "floppy." However, by Christmas break things were getting out of control. Bad Hair Days were turning into Bad Hair Months and I was rarely seen without a baseball hat on. Things came to a head (ha, ha) a few Sundays ago when my roommate and I were sitting around the kitchen after church. "Matt, you look so stupid," my roommate lovingly told me, "Your hair is the ugliest thing around." Bored out of my wits, and somewhat despondent over the Buffalo Bills' loss in the Super Bowl, I turned to my friend and said, "OK, shave my head."

My roommate sprang into action like some real-life version of Ren and Stimpy. He got out the hair clippers (which have been used to liven up more than one boring party) and apron and said, "Can I really shave your head?" I gave him the nod and within minutes he had several friends at our house just itching to get a crack at my locks. Using the "tag team" method of hair cutting, this enthusiastic team of amateur barbers reduced my Heaping Wad O' Hair to a Pile of Brown Stuff On the Floor That Looked Like a Cheap Toupee. He gave me what has become the "house haircut": 1/4 inch on top, a shock of bangs in front, and absolutely nothing on the sides.

Since that fateful day, my world has become a cold place. Have you any notion how frozen one's skull can get without hair? In case you're not a recently returned missionary, let me tell you, it gets pretty chilly. Also, this change in style has put a dent in the ol' social life. You see, it's not a very attractive cut. As a matter of fact, if you saw it (and who knows, maybe you have), you might have thought I had fallen victim to a defective Suck Kut. In all fairness, I should note that a very attractive friend who I recently saw for the first time this semester said that she "liked the hair." Also many females have enjoyed rubbing the back of my head, so I guess it's not all bad.

Now that I think of it, what's the big deal with hair anyway? Look at Mahatma Ghandi. Whoops, he's dead, so I guess you can't really look at him. Try this: imagine Ben Kingsley in the movie *Ghandi*. He didn't have much hair, but everybody (well, almost everybody) thought he was great. And how about the General Authorities? Many of them are quite deficient in the hair department, but that doesn't keep them from being great spiritual leaders. If anyone else still thinks that hair is important, I have one word for you: Rex.

Being the industrious person that I am, I've been

see "industrious" p. 15

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see "dazed" p. 5



# Diary of an Insomniac

by Stacey Ford

**Tuesday:** Couldn't sleep again. I lay in bed for a solid hour, staring at the ceiling. I tried counting sheep, but I lost count after 187 because I started thinking about my ex-boyfriend and what a wench his new girlfriend is, and then I started wondering whether or not he ever thinks of me, and then I started thinking about that cute guy in my psychology class who always sits in the second row. Then I started pondering the meaning of life and I gave up trying to sleep. I got up and started reading a book, but I couldn't concentrate so I turned on the TV and watched the Home Shopping Network for a little while. I put a genuine cubic zirconia studded bookmark on my Visa card and had a nice chat with the guy who answered the phone. There was an exercise show on at 2:00 a.m., and I followed along with the high-impact workout until my downstairs neighbors called and asked me to please shut up. I finally settled down to a movie on the Spanish Channel. I don't speak Spanish.

**Wednesday:** Surprise, surprise, I was awake all night again. Someone told me to try hot milk, so I did but then I wanted some cookies to go with my milk and I didn't have any so I decided to make some. I didn't have any flour, either, so I went to the store. I

learned that every person in Provo who suffers from insomnia hangs out at Smiths at 3:00 in the morning—there were at least twelve of us, wandering the aisles looking kind of dazed and a little lost. The



cookies burned because I started daydreaming (night-dreaming?) about that guy again. He talked to me after class today and I think he might ask me out. I spent the rest of my night cleaning up and airing out the kitchen.

**Thursday:** I decided to try some Nyquil last night to help me sleep, but I got a little carried away and took a little...well, maybe a lot too much. I don't remember exactly what I did, but I do know that my roommates wouldn't speak to me this morning, and I did not feel very well...

**Friday:** The cute guy from my Psychology class asked me to go out tomorrow night. I was so excited that naturally I didn't get much sleep. I read a magazine article about insomnia that said people who suffer from it should concentrate on *not* sleeping; I guess it's supposed to be reverse psychology. So last night I lay in bed and said to myself, "I will not fall asleep. I will not fall asleep..." Then I started wondering where these people come up with these theories and whether or not any of them ever had insomnia themselves. I got up and listened to the radio while organizing my roommate's CDs for her.

**Saturday:** Last night I went out on my date. We went to dinner and a movie, and things were going really well. Then we went back to his apartment. He dimmed the lights and put on soft, romantic music. He came and sat down next to me on the couch...I can't remember the rest, because at that moment I fell asleep.

## "dazed" from p. 4

taking a test he did not intend to take. He failed the test and subsequently flunked out. His ghost has been spotted sitting on the ledges of the Testing Center windows trying to give incorrect answers to students taking tests at night.

# Those Crazy Statues

by King Kim

Ah, night. The time for the nocturnal to live up to their expectations. What would life be like without night? All the animals that rely on darkness for the chance to get food would die. "Saturday Night Live" would have to change its title. The entire light bulb industry would go under. And statues wouldn't be able to have fun anymore.

What? Statues? That's right. Contrary to the belief of many, statues have lives too. Night is the time for them to be themselves, to be free and unseen; to kick back and relax after standing at a still for grueling hours all day. As the ever-popular Donnie and Marie statues once said (in union), "Night gives us the chance to go visit our family deep within Rock Canyon and sing to them."

Yes, people know very little about the double life of statues. To help them earn more, the great Brigham Young statue is marketing a biography entitled *Brigham Young: Motionless Hunk of Rock By Day, Wasatch Mountain Missionary Hunk of Rock By Night*. One of the book's important themes is that statues only relate with others of their own kind. That was

true until recently, when I was able to speak with the Big Lamanite statue, after noticing him playing solitaire on the way home from my Night Preparedness 101 class. Here's a transcript of our conversation:

**SR:** So, why are you just sitting here?

**BL:** I'm passing time. Joseph Smith is coming from Ricks to meet me here.

**SR:** What are you going to do?

**BL:** We're going to compare biceps and abdominals. I've never touched a weight in my life, but I'm still hard as a rock.

**SR:** What's your name?

**BL:** I am Chief Stand-Here-All-Day-While-Staring-Into-the-Air-Waiting-Ever-So-Patiently-For-That-Special-Time-Of-The-Night-When-I-Can-Roam-About-Aimlessly-And-Not-Have-To-Worry-About-Getting-Caught.

**SR:** Where are you from?

**BL:** I'm from the North Andes Mountains. That's where I was built by my parents.

**SR:** What are you made out of?

**BL:** Igneous rock inside surrounded by a marble exoskeleton.

**SR:** How do you like your

job as a campus statue?

**BL:** I hate it. I get tired standing in the same spot all day. My parents, who work at the University of Utah, are lucky. They walk around all day and nobody cares. My parents say that the campus doesn't care about a damn thing. But it's different here. If I so much as blink an eye, everybody would think it was a sign of the Second Coming.

**SR:** What do you know about the Second Coming?

**BL:** I know plenty. Everybody that walks past talks about it. I could also tell you a few stories that would make your bishop's hair curl...

**SR:** ...that's fine, thanks.

Tell me, how did you get into statues?

**BL:** My father, I-Only-Eat-Fresh-Mud-To-Keep-My-Healthy-Rock-Hard-Body-Fit-Lean-And-Strong-So-Don't-Even-Think-About-Offering-Me-Something-Like-Shrubs-Or-Bushes-Because-I-Simply-Will-Not-Eat-It noticed that I had a special talent for just standing somewhere and staring into nothingness for days on end. My father then chiseled my resume onto two big stone tablets, mailed it in, and the rest is history.

**SR:** If you hate your job, then why do you do it?

**BL:** One day I want to get

married and make kids of my own. In order to do that, I have to earn money to pay for the tools. You know—things like a chisel, hammer, etc...

**SR:** Have you met any prospective wives yet?

**BL:** I have a girlfriend under construction at the base of Mt. Everest, but I don't get to see her much. That's one good thing about nighttime—I can strut my rock and try to pick up some female statues.

**SR:** Can't you just make your girlfriend?

**BL:** Yes, but that would be incest.

**SR:** Where do you usually go to pick up these girls?

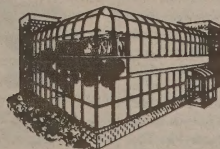
**BL:** I go partying at Sundance. It's fun because all the statues go. There's usually kegs of tar and bottles of brass polish so it gets pretty wild. Last night I saw Karl Maesser, making out with the Pre-Columbian Sphere.

**SR:** Then what happened?

**BL:** I saw them leave together, but as soon as they left, she rolled down a steep hill and he couldn't catch up

see "rolled" p.7

## THE ATRIUM



## RESTAURANT

**WEEKDAY SPECIAL**  
**2 FOR 1 LUNCH**  
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**Value up to eight dollars**

Not valid on Fri & Sat after 5:00 p.m. or on sandwiches, specials or other discounts. Exp. 3/7/93



# Voyeurism around the Provo Temple at Night

by **Serge Martinez**

The Provo Temple at night: in local mythology, the two go hand in hand. People make jokes with a wink and a nudge about "taking my girl/guy to the temple tonight." Many a date has been made or ruined by an innocent suggestion to "park up by the temple and just talk." Who can resist noting the contrast between what goes on inside the temple and what goes on in the cars parked outside it? Bearing local folklore in mind, my crack research team and I decided to investigate to see if the rumors were myth or reality.

*Wednesday, 7:27 p.m.:* Driving in my white Honda I become almost invisible, and Scott wears a blonde wig so nobody will suspect anything. Unfortunately, nobody's around to be fooled by our disguise. A woman in a van sits waiting for her kids, and some guy walks alone down the sidewalk. On the north side a couple in a Honda truly are just talking.

*Wednesday, 10:33 p.m.:* We hope the later hour will translate to a little more action

on temple hill, but nothing's going on. A Jeep on the north side holds another couple just talking. As we drive by slowly with the window down, we hear, "in this one or in Manti?" In the parking lot south of the temple, things are looking good for one couple in a pickup. Although we observe no actual physical contact, we agree they have moved closer together in the five minutes we have been watching. Frustrated but not discouraged, we go home to do homework and await tomorrow night.

*Thursday, 10:15 p.m.:* Everyone must have homework due tomorrow. There is, if possible, less going on here than last night. We haven't seen a single car parked on the hill. In fact, the only signs of life we've seen so far have been a few older couples

walking out of the temple. With homework of our own to do, we are homeward bound in record time.

*Friday, 10:07 p.m.:* Things

couple minutes, and so we move on, unaware that we are about to experience the highlight of the evening. We see what we assume to be a prowler lurking in the bushes, and we slow down to take a look. Suddenly, another figure emerges from the shadows and greets the first in what appears to be a joyous reunion. With the windows down we can hear that they are talking about the mission field. We assume from their subject of discussion that they are not

prowlers after all, so we get out of the car to investigate. They turn out to be missionaries from the MTC who have been best friends for years. One leaves tomorrow for Scandinavia and they are seeing each other for the last time in two years. Although this is a clear violation of MTC rules, we decide to

forego the reward money and leave as though we had seen nothing.

*Friday, 11:03 p.m.:* Now this place is really jumping. My disguise is improved because Scott-in-a-wig has been replaced by Katie, my trusty research assistant. Cars are parked everywhere. Strangely enough, however, only a minority of the couples are actually doing anything besides talking. A suspicious-looking pair on foot is placing pamphlets under the windshield wipers of these few couples. When we confront them, they reluctantly admit that they are distributing *For the Strength of Youth* pamphlets and that they are not BYU employees but merely freelancing. Katie and I decide to park the car and wait to see what happens.

*Saturday, 1:49 a.m.:* At some point everyone has gone home, and Katie and I are the only ones still here. It seems we were so engrossed in our own conversation that we didn't notice what was going on around us. My engine comes to life with a roar, and, reaching out the window to remove the pamphlet from under my wiper, I steer us toward home.



are finally starting to heat up here. Three couples are parked more or less in a row on the southeast slope overlooking the temple. We pull in behind them and try to blend into the night. Our hard work seems to have paid off. As soon as my lights are off, the two couples we can actually see are back at it. This gets boring after a

## Until Death Do You Part

by **Julia Ford Tollstrup**

Night. Nighttime. Night life. I think that's what my husband and I were having when we met, fell in love and married. It took us three and a half years to go from meeting to marriage and in between we had plenty of nighttimes and a night life together. (All were pure and chaste as premarital night life experiences should be.) But since the beginning of our

marriage the nocturnal activities have changed.

We know what single people do for night life. All you have to do to find out is to drive by the Palace on a Wednesday night. Why, I even used to engage in some of those same rituals such as dancing, hanging out at Denny's or driving up to the Y to view the glorious valley at night. But do you know what married people do when the sun goes down? As evidence would point out (i.e., the number of children seen on this campus and the hickey contests that my brother and his wife of two months have), married people do engage in sex—especially those that are newly married or have no children. They have lots of sex. And who wouldn't? Sex is fun. But those married people who have young children at home do not automatically hop in bed as soon as the sun sets (although that is a fantasy many couples have). So let me, a veteran of the marriage and child business, tell you what really happens at night behind those closed doors (at Wymount).

Well, it's the end of the day and my eternal companion will be home any minute. I rush to our bedroom and change into my favorite black dress, peek in on the baby sleeping, check my lipstick and pour him a glass of lemonade. He strides in and I am waiting for him. The house is immaculate, the roast smells heavenly, candles are flickering on the table. I ask him how his day went as we kiss dreamily.

Wait, wait, wrong scene. That's "Bewitched" (or any other appropriate sitcom), not reality. Let's start over. It's the end of the day and I walk into the house. After work the baby had an immunization (I passed out) so he and I are both frazzled. All I can think

about is a hot bubble bath, candlelight and *Swan Lake* on the stereo. But I look around and realize that some dishes need to be done and the green stuff growing on the table needs to be thrown out or the Health Department will condemn our home. And it's Wednesday, so my beloved is in class tonight at the Salt Lake Center and will not be home till after 10 p.m. Sigh. "Chin up, Julie," I say. So I give the baby Tylenol, feed him, and thank the Lord when he falls asleep. I turn on the TV out of boredom and become entranced in the Kelly, Dylan and Brenda love triangle. Then my friend calls. We talk about the Kelly, Dylan and Brenda love triangle. Then we talk about our own love triangle (work, spouse, child, school) All right, so it's a love square.

As we are talking, I formulate a plan. I am experiencing the mid-week blahs and I want my husband to help overcome them. So I tell my friend my plan. She laughs and wishes me luck. Then I prepare. I rummage through all my underwear until I find what I need. It was a wedding present. And my spouse loved it on our honeymoon (it's the reason why we have a child). I light some incense and some candles, dim the lights and wait. I can hear my husband unlocking the door and I smile in anticipation. But when he walks in he is not alone. "Sweetheart," he calls, "I brought John over to see our new computer." He and John stop short, my spouse smiles, John blushes and turns around. I recover quickly from paralysis and bolt back to our bedroom. "Oh well," I think, "if not the baby then it's something else."

I fall asleep to the sound of John and my spouse discussing IBM vs. Mac.

Up to midnight

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# Them Who Haunt the Night

by Jonathan Kyle

Okay, okay, so the title is ungrammatical, but you could claim that the people who haunt Provo/Orem during the night are a little ungrammatical too, as far as people are concerned. I'm not talking about BYU or high school students who wander dazedly around town at 2 a.m. trying to get a caffeine fix; nor am I discussing those whose professions requiring us to be up and semi-alert during the dark hours. I'm talking about the people who live in the night, who come out of their day's hibernation to stalk the empty streets. Why they feel the need to live this lifestyle is beyond me. Besides one or two restaurants and the odd assortment of convenience stores which are open (or gas stations like the place I work), Provo/Orem doesn't appear to offer anything to these people; yet, I consistently meet Salt Lake metro night-haunts inhabiting Provo's dusky streets.

As I said, I'm not talking about the regular BYU Joe or Jane who is trying to finish a paper, stuffing for a test, or stopping at a gas station at 2 a.m. to get a drink/smokes/pee after a date. Imitation is not the real thing.

Night-haunts have money, expensive clothes, nice cars, and, apparently, no job or school life. Night after night they are out on the town, living life wide-awake and looking good—at three and four a.m. Most of you BYU wanna-be's (including Campus Lifers) are bleary-eyed, grouchy, wearing sweats and

an odd assortment of accessories.

True night-haunts stay cool. Even if they dress ragged-looking, they so it in leathers jackets, gap shirts, and name brand jeans. No sweats stuff anywhere. The women add a long skirt, and lots of gold jewelry and bright make-up, making it safer for them to cross the street while Y students are still bumbling around town waiting for the caffeine to kick in. The hair is neat or carefully messed—not pulled up into some Pebbles do with whatever elastic thing or bread bag twistie that happened to be convenient.

Night-haunts drive nice cars—not the latest fad car, but nice expensive autos that stay in style a long time: Porsche, Corvette, Camaro. Not your run of the mill VW, Honda or Ford from the late 60s that you see hogging BYU parking spaces. If they drive old, they drive 50s Fords, 60s Chevy experiments, or 70s mini-cars. Those without cars walk where they want to go; bus service and bumming rides are out.

What they do, I have no idea. Night-haunts don't talk much to strangers, and a gas station lends itself to very few entertainment prospects besides the odd BYU student bumming smokes, buying beer, running out of gas, looking sheepishly for the condoms...

So the next time you venture outside the BYU apartment mecca into real Provo, look closely at the car next to you. Chances are you might—just might—come to believe in night-haunts too.

## "rolled" from p.5

with her. She rolled and rolled until she finally rolled out of sight. Poor Karl—with head hung in sadness, he slowly walked back to the party, thinking of what might have been. What a shame. He didn't even get her phone number.

SR: Did you pick up anybody?

BL: Ha! Actually, that night I got into a big fight with the Tree of Life. He made some

crack about my headress. Boy, was I ticked. I grabbed a pick and gave him ten good whacks, but he retaliated with a jackhammer. He drilled right into my stomach and made a good-sized hole. It really hurt. I then picked him up and threw him as far as I could. He ended up with 2 broken limbs. Now I think it's fitting to call him the Shrub of Life. Ha Ha Ha!

SR: All right. You're a very

interesting statue. Any closing comments?

BL: Yeah. If anyone is reading this turns me into Statue Standards, I will find you and reduce you to the tiny pile of rubbish you deserve to be. Then I'll take your stupid helpless ashes and eat them, just to show how petty you really are! Get the picture? Thank you and have a wonderful night. I know I will.

## Top Twenty

1. The Lee Dynasty
2. Ziplock bags
3. four-square
4. winter camping
5. Pizza Hut
6. New World Order
7. engagements
8. Elvis trading cards
9. Alma 10:27
10. baby carrots
11. Homer Simpson
12. acceptance
13. Albuquerque
14. lemons
15. navel lint collections
16. squash (the sport)
17. Utah National Parks
18. flannel
19. seafood salad
20. Oliver Cowdery

### Bottom Ten

Honor Code Week, morning sickness, approval, Care Bears, squash (the vegetable), Inside Edition/Hard Copy, dozing off in class, almost empty pitchers of juice, litter, Cher

## The Eavesdropper Returns

Last March, in a freak grounds crew accident involving a high-decibel edge trimmer, two escaped laboratory ferrets, and the spokes of a mountain bike, the Eavesdropper suffered serious auditory injury. Forced to resign both his spot on the grounds crew and on the SR staff, the Eavesdropper left Provo for a private inner ear rehab camp in a quiet, undisclosed location near Death Valley. After eight months of extensive hammer, anvil, and stirrup exercises, the Eavesdropper has regained enough of his hearing capacity to return to BYU and his unofficial position with SR. We're sure you're as pleased as we are.

SFLC 3236, February 10, 8:23 am

Cougarete [on a poverty-stricken tribe in Mexico]: "well, why don't they just send the peace corpse?"

Outside Heritage Halls, February 17, 7:45 pm

Male freshman to another: "Chicks love it when you use non-sexist words."

JSB lounge, February 9, 11:55 am

Woman #1: "You wouldn't believe it...the guys actually brought their Franklin planners into the movies!"

Woman #2: "Well, I just don't date men who have Franklins."

In a house on 500 N., February 18, 1:10 am

Woman: "The problem with you is you're too apathetic."

see "apathetic" p. 8

Dear CRABBY



Dear Crabby,

Of all the years I've spent here on Sesame Street, Ernie and I have always been roommates. Maybe I'm approaching another mid-life crisis, but I can no longer tolerate the things Ernie does at NIGHT!

Ernie and I have been undergoing counseling since last August when he pushed me over the edge by recycling my bottle cap collection. I can tell our relationship is dwindling; Ernie suffers from bouts of manic depression and has been completely unstable since I hid his rubber ducky. Lately he's been plagued with insomnia, too, and it's driving me nuts!

One night I suggested that he count sheep, and the next thing I know, Old McDonald's Farm is in and out of the bedroom! It was bad enough when the Count kept coming over for slumber parties. I'm just not up to this, Crabby. How can I keep Ernie away from sheep and make him sleep at night?

-Bert

Dear Bert,

I recommend reading *Muppets Who Love Too Much*, or *Idaho, Where the Men are Men* and the *Sheep are Nerrrrrrrrous*. Ernie cannot help being Ernie. He will always be what he is: a red-nosed muppet with unruly hair who has been sleeping in a single bed for 20 years. Deal with your own feelings of inadequacy, you anal-retentive turtle-neck-wearer! Frustrated? There are support groups for this sort of thing; Oscar and Grover founded one just last year (too late to aid Mr. Hooper, I'm afraid). Look up the local chapter of MA in your Muppet yellow pages. Good luck with the sheep. What a nightmare!

-Craaaaaaabby

Crabby,

I just can't get to sleep at night. Do you think 100-proof cough syrup is of the devil? Please rush your reply. My salvation and cold depend on your answer.

-Lana

Lana,

First, I must warn you: though I am a leading authority on all religious and philosophical questions, I cannot sign your ecclesiastical endorsement, so take this as you will. I say, "Yes, it is of the devil." and "Where can I find the stuff?"

-Crabby

Dear Crabby,

My roommates told the entire 23rd ward that I pass gas and mutter dialogues from sordid episodes of "90210" in my sleep. I can't believe this, Crabby! I am the well-kept girl on the front row of your Book of Mormon class, the librarian's assistant, a devout follower of the Repentance Camel, and a faithful visiting teacher. This can't be happening! Do you think these are wicked lies spread by jealous Glenwood roommates?

-Troubled

Dear Troubled Tooter,

So you're a farting, deranged bow-head, huh? I know the type, I once had a roommate the same way. Yep, Thelma, the church-social refried bean-monger by day, and the no-social-graces-stinkifier by night. As for your mumblings, let us examine

see "mumblings" p. 15



## Midnight Missionary Mythology

compiled by  
**Philip P. Burns**

A principal rite of passage in a missionary's development is the trading of folklore-myths from the inscrutable past of the missionary oversoul. As a connoisseur of such faith-promoting and fear-inspiring material, I now release some of the more common and notable stories which deal with darkness...

•Once upon a time, the APs stayed out late teaching some choice investigators. On their way home, they heard a low rumble coming from the direction of the river. As they were about to cross the bridge, they saw the Destroyer riding in power upon the waters of the (Thames, Mississippi, Amazon, Seine, or other local river).

•A district stayed out for New Year's Day to watch fireworks. An errant shell struck the District Leader, decapitating him. (The narrative diverges at this point. In some missions, the ZLs lay hands on the severed head and save the hapless DL. In other missions, the Mission Presi-

dent keeps the head on his desk to encourage forthrightness in interviews, and to teach an occasional object lesson on the merits of obedi-

ent went out after curfew. On the way downstairs, they were seduced by two of the native youth. (Once again, the tale may take many turns. In one

marry their partners in crime. More often than not, they hang themselves out of guilt.

In the other prominent version, the missionaries

unique Chilean venereal disease if told to greenies)

•Two missionaries were returning home late from a dinner appointment. While running through (the jungle, a swamp, a DMZ, a ghetto, the ASB, or other dreadful place) they were apprehended and taken captive by (the Contras, the KGB, Jehovah Witnesses, College Republicans, the Crips, militant environmentalists, or Bo Gritz). The defenseless youth of Israel were then brutally tortured by their captors. (This story often explains prominent facial scars on members of the higher ecclesiastical echelons in the mission field.)

Missiondom is replete with such legends of disaster wed with poor timing. Is it mere coincidence? Does God execute swift judgment on the tardy? Does belatedness subject one to the deadly disposition of the Devil? We may never find satisfying responses to such queries. However, the consistency and ubiquity of stories involving missionaries, midnight, and the macabre is enough to make one wary...



ence.)

•A companionship arrived at their apartment on time Saturday night. However, they didn't wish to break the Sabbath by purchasing milk the following morning, so they

scenario, the inspired APs burst in the room, catching the missionaries in flagrante delicto; the two are dishonorably released and sent home. Sometimes they repent, are rebaptized, and return to

swear each other to secrecy and remain in the mission. Months later, though, their flesh rots and drops off their bones due to (a) the vengeance of a just God if told in testimony meeting, or (b) some

### "schools" from p. 3

"I must say that I have seen drunk, badly dressed women, and men with earrings in other cities in the US. I have also seen many empty faces just walking across BYU's campus. ...And, there are much worse things I've heard men shout than 'whore' in the supposedly 'clean' state of Utah! ...Ms. Visick said that she 'found it hard.' What was so 'hard' about it? Her attitude of going to Las Vegas because it was 'worth a laugh' disgusts me. I don't go to Salt Lake City 'for a laugh.' Nor do I tell people about the dirty streets, the homeless that sleep underneath the bridges, and how rude the residents are. Why, because I am not just going to see one side of the city and concentrate on the negative. ...We need to see Las Vegas for what it really is. ...We do not need one sided 'journalists' being judgmental, when they don't even have a minimal idea of what they are talking about."

Now, let it be said that the *Review* is always glad to receive letters from readers concerned with unfair articles. And the comments I am about to make are not intended to diminish these readers' concern nor their right to respond.

But really, now. Dear readers, no one (the mean-hearted E. Visick herself included) meant a less-than-favorable account of one person's trip to the Strip as a personal attack. Most sensible humans understand the difference between the admittedly icky Las Vegas

strip (nudes-nudes-nudes; \$25 well drinks, sequins, blackjack) and Las Vegas, your beloved homeland. We apply such dissociative tactics to many major cities. Residents of New York City don't necessarily live in Times Square nor take too personally what goes on there. Native Salt Lake City folk don't claim responsibility (good or bad) for Temple Square. I grew up fifteen miles from Disneyland and if someone were to suggest that the Magic Kingdom was pretty cheeseball, I would not take it personally. So please don't take it personal.

Second, let it be said that the piece "Might as Well" was fiction. F-I-C-T-I-O-N. Say it again. Uh. Fiction 101: fiction means not real, made-up, fantasy, lies, lies lies! Fiction is not reportage. The point is not accuracy. The point is art—to arrange words in such an aesthetic way as to make you feel something. In this story, E. Visick was presenting some person's account of some trip to some Las Vegas. Who knows—maybe it wasn't Las Vegas that she found "hard." Maybe it was John's fault, maybe it was the drugs, maybe it was those voices in her head. Maybe it was a different Las Vegas in a parallel galaxy. Don't take it too seriously. It wasn't a political treatise or a moral indictment or implied praise of Utah by contrast. (I can guarantee you that Elizabeth's not naive to Utah's own unique nastiness.) As fiction, it had no responsibility to be fair or nice or even responsible. It didn't have to

present "both sides of the story" because it is a story. One story. Someone else's words. Someone's beautiful lie. Not real. Not binding. Fiction.

So relax, dear readers, Las Vegans. And if that little explanation doesn't satisfy y'all, you might take solace in knowing that the Las Vegas city fathers took back Elizabeth's key to the city and that the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce has called for an Elizabeth-Visick-boycott. And you can bet she certainly won't be welcome to cash on slot machines anywhere within the city limits. This to punish the tarnish she's cast on the city's bright (10 billion watt-bright) image.

P.S. Elizabeth says, "Duh."

### "letter" from p. 3

2, lifted most of their tactics from the Oregon Citizens Alliance, the people behind Measure 9. Amendment 2's wording is a toned-down, ambiguous version of the language originally used in Oregon. It was practically unreadable on the ballot, filled with ambiguous terms and double- and triple-speak. Some people weren't even sure what they were voting on.

Some parts of the campaign, however, were pulled directly from Oregon; among them was the slogan, "No Special Rights." This phrase, initiated and maneuvered by the proponents of the amendment (not by gays themselves), was used to frighten and anger heterosexuals. It drew attention away from the real issue—

implicitly accepted violence against gays and lesbians—and to the nonissue of "extra" or "special" rights. John Gallagher reports in *The ADVOCATE* that the slogan was "by far, CFV's most effective strategy." He quotes Robin Miller, an attorney who worked for the No On 2 alliance: "We thought it was ludicrous for anyone in a society where gay people are so hated to think we could have special rights. They were just three words in a field of rhetoric, and we didn't understand their significance" (23 Feb., pp. 36-37). CFV appealed to voters to make a knee-jerk decision, and it worked. If you voted for 2 because "No Special Rights" sounded good, you were had.

No On 9 organizer Scott Nakagama highlighted the effects of OCA's and CFV's rhetoric on gay activists: "Our adversaries are forcing us to mirror what they say—that is, that we do want gay rights, and not democratic civil rights" (*The Village VOICE*, 13 October 1992, p. 34, my emphasis added). According to gays, civil rights are what's at stake here. It's not about acquiring "special" rights, but losing ones that already are supposedly guaranteed by law. Anti-gay bills, in effect, legalize discrimination and "give license to people to bash" (Jody Andrade, antiviolence coordinator of the Gay and Lesbian Community Center of Colorado in *The ADVOCATE*).

see "colorado" p. 16



# After Midnight . . .

by Kayla Stevens

As we crouched on the cold dorm floor, our R.A. gave us the dreadful news: "Girls, the Prophet once said that the Spirit departs from us after midnight."

"Our spirits leave our bodies after midnight?" I thought. I've been out late before without having participated in out-of-body experiences. In sudden realization, I saw that she spoke of the Spirit, and not my spirit (it's tough to tell, because people can't vocally capitalize names of Divinity).

I eyed my watch nervously the following weekend, as the minute hand began its leisurely ascent to meet its slower traveling companion. Midnight neared, and I had yet to measure the full implications of my R.A.'s imparted wisdom.

If the Spirit leaves, shall I

be a daughter of perdition? Shall I breathe out wrath and strife against the Strange Work of God, not to mention my hapless date? Will I be bound, hand and foot? Tossed into the Eternal Hot Pot, even Hell? Will I gnash teeth with the great Anti-Christ of all time? Rub elbows with Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, Belial, Perdition, a.k.a. the Devil?

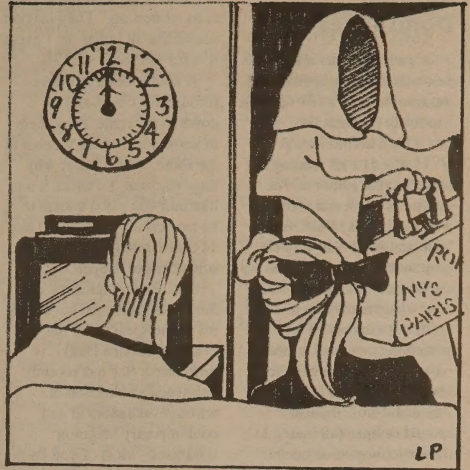
A quarter till twelve. As I began to wallow in the dank depths of despondence, a novel thought assaulted my tiring mind: If the Spirit leaves, I can not be held accountable for my actions. A sneer graced my face as I hurdled down this more appealing path of reasoning. Yes, the Spirit tells us what is right and what is less right. Therefore, if the Spirit leaves me, I will not be encumbered by an unwieldy knowledge of right and wrong. Where there is no knowledge, there surely can be little or no significant punishment.

Ten till. More qualms. If the Holy Ghost abandons me, when may expect His return? Will He leave just long enough to catch me in some uncouth act? Maybe He'll come back at sun up, or (better yet) after a late breakfast. The most likely ETA would be at 6:30 a.m.: reminiscent of seminary days past. I shuddered.

Five till. With panic, I dodged through the doorframe, leaving my cold, confused, soon-to-be Spirit vacated date in the September drizzle. I flew through the darkened corridor towards my locked door.

The oak slammed shut with a dull thud as I leapt to my bed, fully clothed, and apprehensively turned my eyes to the clock on my desk: 11:59.

What would have happened if I'd remained outside? I don't know. I may never know. I don't really want to know. But I do know this: BYU R.A.s don't BS. Be in by midnight,



please.

On his way home, Kayla's date found and consumed a plate-full of hashish lemon bars, became disoriented, was beaten by members of the

Provo Posse, lewdly exposed himself thrice on the Maeser Hill, was interrogated, indicted, expelled, excommunicated, and promptly put out of his misery with a 9 mm slug. Condolences.

## Who Wants an Ethical Society?

by Eric L. Christiansen

Following a two-year hiatus from BYU (for work, not a mission), I came back to school determined to switch from the woefully inanimate computer science major to a more human English degree. In one of my first classes as a newly-returned student, I sat enthralled as a guest lecturer—an English professor—discussed the ethical questions that all great literature forces upon its readership. The one memorable allegory he shared was from a Russian author. In this story, a young woman falls madly in love with an

exiled prince; she quits eating, basically forgets about her fiancé, and pines away towards death because she cannot have this prince. Her life is only preserved because a doctor prescribes that her fiancé go in disguise as the prince and "consummate" the love. This, of course, cures her. The professor argued that ethically we can't condemn the girl, her fiancé, her father, or the doctor that prescribed such measures, because of the value of life.

At that time, this logic troubled me; I did not know why. But after three years of learning about life, I finally figured it out.

It lacked a moral underpin-

ning.

Attempting to distinguish "ethics" from "morals" can be tricky because of the way we mix the two. But when observed more closely, the gulf between the two is deep and wide.

Ethics is a humanistic way of trying to put order and reason into the "grey" areas of life that are usually questionable. Ethics is a way of rationalizing the way things are, instead of making things as they should be. Ethics in the past has allowed slavery and subjugation of other cultures and sexes. Ethically we can have the poor and needy—after all, their condition is a direct result of their economic choices. Ethically we can argue about euthanasia for terminally ill patients. Ethics also allows the bombing of Iraq and other "non-compliant" states. Ethics permit an unlimited "choice" of actions, for they value life and its relationships above all else.

Morality is God's way of dividing good from evil. Our usual attempts at defining "morals" are really ethical struggles to rationalize. Ethics imposes limits on actions; morality demands responsibility for them. Morals force us to look at each other and accept all as children of God. Morals exclude such things as "poor" and "enemies" because oneness is implicit—a sameness

based on a sacred relationship. Thus, we are responsible to and for each other. Morality places God and His commandments above all else—including life, in some cases.

Ethics are economically based; what they attempt to define are rules of behavior based on a person's role in life. Morals call for actions to be based on a person's eternal capacity.

Case study: John, a father of five starving children, is caught stealing money from his company. Morally it's simple—he was stealing and should be punished appropriately. Ethically, however, it's another case. One may argue that his actions were acceptable because his children were starving. It's better that he steal money for food than let his children die. The moral view appears as a harsh justice, while the ethical view appears more merciful. And we Mormons like the concept of mercy, because it allows us to be ungrateful and uncaring to the rest of the world for a while—and then we can repent.

But if you look at the case study and the opposing views closely, the real difference between the moral and ethical perspectives stands clear. See it yet?

The ethical view takes the responsibility away from you to act in the situation. You're

See "Ethic" p.14

## Slices o'

"That period from dusk to dawn, when the sun is below our horizon, is called night."

—Bruce McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine* (p. 537)

## Faith

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## A Visit to VOICE

by Tom Domingues

It's a few weeks into winter semester and I've been off my mission for only a few months. I'm ready for "real life," but that's hard to find here at BYU. Then I start reading the Letters to the Editor of *The Daily Universe*, and start wondering what VOICE is. Who are they? And why do they seem to generate so many one-sided, inflamed letters? And what are they up to now?

Always interested in something new, and armed only with the bits I have read about VOICE and the stuff I've heard from students around campus (all male), I decide to drop in on one of their formal meetings and see what the big deal is. From the letters the *Universe* prints, I came to expect no less than a bunch of man-hating women participating in secret female rituals. I was wrong.

VOICE's fliers point me towards the Kennedy Center. I arrive a few moments early, and the room is already fairly full. There is a sense of informality: chairs arranged haphazardly, people fitting in where they can, others making room for them. Without counting it seems that about a quarter are male. Light chatter floats around me, as people arrange the chairs to their liking. I sit against the wall, near the corner, trying to be an impassive observer, trying not to look unusual in this unusual group. Some women to my left laugh between themselves.

"I'm so excited I'm here!" one of them, obviously a newcomer, says.

"This is your first time?" another asks.

"This is my first time. This is so interesting." They make it sound like an initiation. I guess it is for me, too.

A couple of guys weave through the chairs and sit down to my right. They seem to know some of the women in the room, but I wonder why they've come. To check it out, like me? They don't seem to be particularly involved. They sit down quietly, waiting for something to happen.

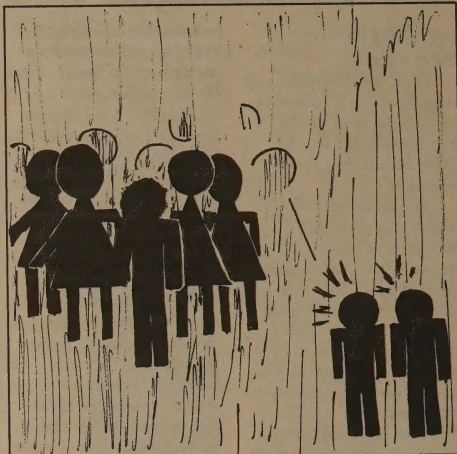
The chatter continues into the announcements, but tapers off as the speaker for the evening, Maxine Hanks, is introduced. She has recently published a collection of writings on historical and contemporary Mormon feminism. "Most of you know there is such a thing," she says in the beginning. (I wonder how many people outside of this room do.) She recounts a timeline history of women in the church. Some of it I've heard before, but a lot is new to me. I try to listen objectively, following her reasoning as she describes the ebb and flow of Mormon feminism. I'm not surprised by what Hanks has to say: about how women had more authority in the early days of the Church, how it's since declined, etc. She talks about texts, like her book, as methods of furthering the authority of women in the Church, as means for bringing issues to light. She says she believes it's working—more and more people, in her view, are beginning to recognize the potential and place of feminism in the LDS Church. She also praises VOICE, for being a serious, radical, dedicated group.

Most of the audience is absorbed. The women near me

listen and comment affirmatively amongst themselves. Their whispering voices fill the pauses in the lecture. The two guys on my right are mostly quiet, looking at their shoes, but smile (or smirk) occasionally, looking pointedly at each other and whispering. I wonder what they're thinking.

Her lecture finished, Hanks opens the floor to discussion and questions. I sit up a little in my chair, hoping to hear the true voice of VOICE speak. There is an instant engagement of the entire conference room—everyone talks, comments, laughs, thinks. I'm impressed. A woman raises her hand: a question about what Hanks considers a "text." "Anything," is the answer: books, art, music, anything that can get a point across and get people to think. Another question: how to know the difference between the gospel and Mormon culture—where is the line? The discussion continues. Whatever radical flavor may be present, these people, I think, are clearly serious—they are not just being radical because they have nothing better to do. There is a feeling of release in the room, of freedom to discuss honestly and with commitment whatever's on your mind. There is an energy present, a "let's do something!" kind of atmosphere. Though only a neophyte when it comes to feminism, I feel like getting involved myself.

Then it happens. Earlier one of the two guys near me had raised his hand and challenged some of Hanks' historical information. Really a trivial matter, and on something that had little to do with the



subject. The other guy raises his hand now. The air gets thick. I hope he's not going to provoke something. I'm wrong. He challenges Hanks: "Do you sustain President Ezra Taft Benson as prophet for the Church?"

Everyone groans in unison as they crane their necks and shift positions to find out who this offender is. I sink back into my chair, trying to disassociate myself from this scene. I fear for my gender. Gone is the feeling of open discussion. His question hangs in the air as Hanks struggles to find the words to answer. I am as angry as I am embarrassed. His question is so out of place. "Is this a discussion or a bishop's interview?" I think to myself.

Hanks answers the question/accusation as she feels she should, talking about her deep feelings of commitment to both the Church and the idea of revelation, and openly admitting her disagreements and reservations.

"She totally side-stepped my question," the accuser tells his friend.

"Look at him," one of the women near me says in disgust, "he thinks he's all cool now."

The questions begin again, and the atmosphere lightens. Things go smoothly until it's time to leave, though the discussion could have fueled itself for hours (and, I suspect, that in some apartments and minds—like mine—it will). I leave, having received a dose of feminism and its enemies for the evening. I'm not sure of all I feel or believe, but I feel better for having taken the time to listen to VOICE. And, sometime soon, I think I will again.

This is the second in a series of articles on feminism, at BYU and abroad. Comments and criticism are welcome.

## Fun at Night in Happy Valley

by J. Morales

The other day I was walking up the ramp by the Tanner building as the sun began to set. I had the time, so I stopped to watch. I was struck by the symbolism of the scene before me; as night falls over my beloved dormitory home, I'm up and about, beginning my day. I guess "beginning my day" isn't exactly the proper phrase, because I get going about the time the rest of you folks are winding things up and preparing to slumber. You see, I'm that rare sub-breed of *homo sapien* called *humus nocturnus*—a night person.

Being here in happy valley for the past semester has definitely been a new

experience for me. Where I come from—Michigan (the home of MSU, CMU, and U of M—three of the nation's biggest party schools)—I was taught that college town = night life. In Provo, as I quickly learned, that equation was changed to Church college town = zzzzz. I considered giving up on night life entirely and becoming a day person. Those efforts soon ended: I realized that jumping out of bed at 6 a.m.—in fact, getting up anytime before 11—was pretty much an insurmountable challenge for me.

So I started looking for things to do at night. Not having a car pretty much ruled the Salt Lake option. Living on a student's budget killed completely

alternatives requiring any sort of cash expenditure. So I was left with a goal—to find cool things to do cheaply at night within walking distance of the dorms. It's about here I roll out the original thesis of this article (drum roll please): "Being a night person in Provo is only difficult if you have no imagination and a plethora of scruples." I'm not suggesting you need to be related to Charles Manson in order to entertain yourself, but remember this is happy valley—there are an endless number of pointless rules and ordinances, and an excess of people with nothing better to do than enforce them.

If you're going to spend a lot of time roaming Provo at night, find a bunch of

friends who like to do the same. At the same time, I have also discovered that gallivanting about town with a mob (i.e., more than a quorum's worth) of people isn't wise. Anytime I'm out past 11 o'clock at night with more than four people, we attract suspicious looks from the more "respectable" members of this community and incessant pestering from the Provo and Orem Police departments. Of course, if everybody is wearing lots of black, lots of leather, and combat boots, that doesn't exactly assist you in escaping excess scrutiny. If you really have a hard time dealing with police, I

See "Night" p. 15



# "Lo Here! Lo There!"

## THE TRUE COST

by Jenae Dixon

One difficulty with being environmentally responsible is deciding whom to believe. Is there a problem with the ozone layer? Or has there always been a hole in it? And so what if the hole is growing? Is it just a part of the flux of nature? So what if species are becoming extinct? That's been happening throughout history. Does it matter if we pump unnatural amounts of CO<sub>2</sub> into the atmosphere? It might actually help some plants grow, some say. And the oceans can act as a natural sink, anyway. Right?

Look around at BYU. You see a whole spectrum of responses, from, "There is no problem," to "Look, CEOs

love their children too. They aren't about to make decisions that will harm their children's future." Some vow never to own a car, won't eat on Styrofoam or use plastic utensils, and there are those who attend protests and are involved in civil disobedience. Where do you fit in, and why?

Your answer is probably tied to two influences: the media and your own experience. In talking with different people, I have found that those who rely on their own experience and research tend to be more concerned about the environmental crises we face than those who rely more on the media. Why?

Look at how the media

presents material. Its duty is to present both sides of an argument. If a liberal expresses her view, the media balances that with an opposing view, but doesn't necessarily say how many people support the two sides. The media doesn't always give you a clear picture.

The second source of information, personal experience, is more reliable. Many environmentalists didn't seek out the label. Take Lois Gibbs, for example. In the 1970s she was a housewife living near the Love Canal. She noticed health problems emerging in her neighborhood and linked them to the hazardous waste in her community. In order to reverse the situation, she found it necessary to first form the Love Canal Homeowners Association, sue the state of New York, and form Citizens' Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes. Does that make Lois a troublemaker or fanatic? Many environmentalists are simply responding to what they have seen personally and want to

see stopped.

But how can you decide what actions are necessary, if any? How can you find which sources to trust, especially if you aren't a specialist in the area? You don't want to blindly believe impassioned environmentalists, but you don't trust a study published by an industry, either.

I'm not going to tell you whether or not you should be an environmentalist, or which bills to support. You should be able to make decisions on your own, but there are three courses of action you can take. First, you could become a research scientist, so you'd have the information firsthand. That's what I'm doing. I want to know what I'm talking about.

Second, don't trust the media. Not only is it difficult for them to represent the arguments accurately, but there are very few environmentally sensitive journalists. Instead, go to scientific journals. You won't find

impassioned propaganda for or against environmentalism; you'll just find data. Also, not just anyone can publish a study in an established journal. The article must be reviewed by other experts in the field before it can be published. Another bit of advice: in all of the claims you hear for and against environmentalism, follow the money trail. Who funded the study? Whom does it benefit? If you see a study done by industry, ask if it's been published in a reputable journal.

The third avenue is for everyone who is busy with school and doesn't have time to go digging around in scientific journals. My advice: find someone who does, someone deserving of your trust. If you really don't have time to do the reading yourself, it's the next best thing.

## Nightlife? Who Needs It?!?

by Justin Jones

My alarm goes off and I look over to see that it's 5:00 a.m. I jump out of bed, anxious for my Saturday morning jog. On weekdays I follow along with "Hooked on Aerobics" on KBYU, but on Saturdays I have a little more time and go jogging.

I'm a little tired because I didn't get to bed last night until 10:00 p.m. The freezing air outside wakes me up quickly, though. I realize how great it is to be out running with all the women at this hour. True, most of them are middle-aged housewives who are pregnant with their sixth or seventh child, but once in a while I'll end up jogging beside an attractive young lady in an even more attractive jogging suit, making my day worthwhile.

I get back into my dorm room and turn on KNPR as loud as I can. It's the only time of day in Utah that you can get a real liberal news program. As I head for the bathroom I hear shouts of "Go back to bed you Communist bastard!" I reply by quoting D & C 43:18: "Ye sinners stay and sleep until [the Lord] shall call

again." They shut up and go back to sleep.

I never have to worry about waiting in line for a shower in the morning. Who else would be up at 6:30 a.m. on a Saturday? I let the hot water run over my body until there is none left for the night people still in bed. Hahahaha!

I don't understand why people waste the best hours of the day in bed. They must all be night people. Not me; I'm a morning person and I love it.

The morning television shows are so much better than

the late night shows. Some of my favorite early morning shows are "Mousercise," "Body by Jake," and reruns of "Lassie." My favorite, though, is the Reverend Jerry Falwell on Tuesday mornings at 5:00. Nothing like an ultra-conservative right wing political/religious devotional to start the day off right.

Television stations play the best movies in the morning hours: "Ernest Scared Stupid" or "Hyper Sapien: People From Another Star" are a

See "Day" p. 15

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## On Dreaming

by Vern

My column will be short this time, but it's important.

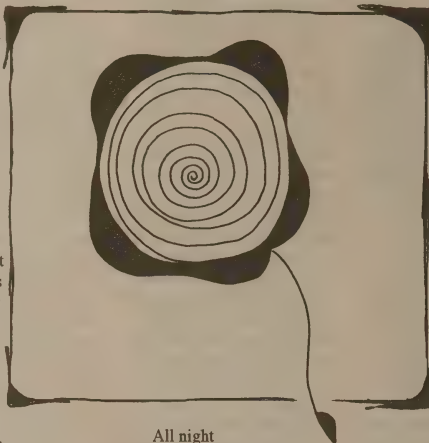
I have had an unusual dream. The dream is a Monster Mash of religious action figures. My left hand is asleep and I am looking at all of the monsters in the Jesus story (i.e., John the Baptist is a creature who drives a monster mobile, and Jesus looks like a friendly alien from "V—The Final Battle"). All of us are standing around a table of casseroles and someone likens sustaining monster religious action figures to supporting *Sunstone*. My friend Steve tells a story of a man with the same name as the prophet holding a huge conference on monsters before the audience (and we're talking a full house), and then realizes that he's talking about the wrong prophet. Steve is to my left and he hands me the head of a small alien. I bite into its lavender shell and am pleased to see that inside it is chocolate...

Lately I have invested a lot of thought in dreams, and the nature of dreaming. My friend Shea likes to say, "You gotta have dreams—if you don't, you're wasting eight hours a night." Dreams can be as real as waking life. My friend Lisa says she has real live orgasms when she dreams, but we are skeptical.

Whatever the case, it is important to chart your dreams like your life depends on it. Keep a notebook at the end of your bed, and write • write,

write.

Here is a poem for you to paste in your books, or perhaps to read at 4 a.m. after a particularly vivid dream in which you are teaching Jell-o to wax its legs. It is "Dreams," by Mary Oliver:



All night  
the dark buds of dreams  
open  
richly.  
In the center of every petal  
is a letter,

and you imagine  
if you could only remember  
and string them all together  
they would spell the answer.  
It is a long night,  
and not an easy one—  
you have so many branches,  
and there are diversions—  
birds that come and go,  
the black fox that lies down  
to sleep beneath you,  
the moon staring with her bone-white eye.  
Finally you have sent  
all the energy you can  
and you drag from the ground  
the muddy skirt of your roots,  
and leap awake  
with two or three syllables  
like water in your mouth  
and a sense  
of loss—a memory  
not yet of a word,  
certainly not the answer—  
only how it feels  
when deep in the tree  
all the locks click open,  
and the fire surges through the wood,  
and the blossoms blossom.

## After Midnight: A Night Owl's Guide to Provo

by Joanna Brooks

2 a.m. The house is small, the moon is big. Letterman's gone to bed, but you haven't. Nothing in the fridge and the TV's flashing test patterns. Seven hours left until morning and responsibility. Night, night, night.

Provo's nightlife being what it is, the after-midnight hours can really drag on. But dedicated night owls know that this neighborhood can take on a really funny after-dark feel. When the local color is three shades darker, it usually gets better.

So get out of your living room. Throw a coat on over those pajamas and hit the road. If you're hungry, go for eats. If not, you got sights to see. We provide, for your night-ranging pleasure, a few suggestions.

**Eats:** The nice thing about going for eats at night is the package deal—if the place is open after 1 a.m., you're usually guaranteed sights and eats in one convenient location.

•**Denny's** (1680 N. 200W., Provo) is a stand-by for 24-hour fun, as it has been since 7th grade. The waitresses are harried, the lounge area is packed, the smoking section is cloudy. With all the smoke in the air, utensils flying, and couples bawling, it can sometimes resemble a war zone. You can tell what night it is by the look of the crowd—if it's country dancers it must be Thursday; Palace regulars signal a Wednesday. Whatever night of the week it is, however, the entire social package makes each Denny's dollar well spent. Don't get anything involving fresh

vegetables, however. Produce is not this place's strong point. Fried food is.

•**Village Inn** (212 E. 1300 S., Orem) is a more upscale Denny's and the food is priced a bit higher. The crowd is also a bit more tame and the counters shine. Fancy that. Drawback: our local Inn, unlike the rest of the chain, is not a 24-hour place. Probably makes it a bit more safe and, therefore, a bit less fun.

•**Mama's Cafe** (840 N. 700 E., Provo) stays open until 2 a.m. on weekends. You probably won't find cowboys here, but even the sometimes-clubbie crowd has its charm. Rates high on the safety scale, the food quality scale, and the personality scale (owners Johnny Rowan and Skip Seibers are half the charm of the place).

•**Hardees** (1160 N. University, Provo) is 24-hour haven for soul room crowds and Helaman Halls freshmen. Unfortunately, the place has become a little uptight lately—they erected a fence to keep harmless, charming local skate rats off the wall by the drive-thru and they hired a rent-a-cop to patrol at night. His name is Big Louie. A last resort for food, but hey—free refills.

•**Utah Valley Hospital Snack Bar** (1034 N. 500 W., Provo) serves the tamest crowd of all—doctors and nurses. The food is good, though (shakes especially), and since it's a small place, you get a degree of personal attention otherwise unavailable in the wee hours. To get there, go in through the front lobby doors, turn right, and follow the signs.

•**Subway** (196 N. University, Provo) stays open until 2 a.m. Don't try the

meatball sub or cold cut combo if you're prone to late night indigestion. Crowd is minimal, atmosphere's a minus. Get in, get your sub, get out.

•**Convenience stores** are a good option if you don't feel like talking to anyone. You can walk in, select your pick from an infinitesimal selection, lay down some change, and evaporate. You don't even have to tell them if you want oil and vinegar, salt and pepper, etc. If you really don't want to go home, you can jockey for a turn at the video games which are usually quite crowded late at night. Big bills are a convenience store no-no.

•**Grocery stores** (Smith's, Albertsons, and Food-4-Less are all 24-hour joints) are more inviting for the late-night wanderer. Long aisles and high shelves provide maximum privacy and endless viewing pleasure and, unlike your average 7-11 store, you don't feel the clerk's eyes in your back. Food selection ranges from gourmet to garbage, depending on your cash and mood. The fun part: dodge the stacks of unpacked goods, watch box-boy antics, stand in line, check out the weird stuff people buy late at night, wonder why.

•**Truck stops**—big lighted rigs, hard-boiled waitresses, and country music—get you in that down-n-out, Thelma-Louise mood. Coffee, cigarettes, and cowboy boots would be best for atmosphere, but you can opt for breakfast food. A big side of bacon makes you feel just about as flag-decal, mud-flap America as you can get. Local favorites include *Mountain Springs* (Springville, I-15 exit 265),

which ranks high on food quality, *Frontier Cafe* (600 S. Lindon), and *Cedar Haven* (13205 E. US Hwy 6, Spanish Fork Canyon). *Ralph's* (845 S. Main, Nephi) is reported to be worth the drive.

**Sights:** Speaking of drive, that brings us to your other after-midnight option. Weather permitting, roads never close. Nothing's better than you, your companion, and your car stereo, and everything looks rosy in the light from the dashboard. You choose the music (old Rolling Stones and Cowboy Junkies work for me) and you choose the companion, but let me recommend a few destinations.

•**Geneva Steel** (north on I-15, Lindon exit) looks especially ephemeral at night, when they release all the smoke. Up close, the plant resembles a mini-post-industrial-metropolis. You don't have to rent *Blade Runner*; you can live it.

•**Restoration work** on the old *Academy* (500 N. University, Provo) is underway, but with broken windows aplenty and high weeds and fences, it's still a good spot to visit. And you can't beat the folklore surrounding the place. Don't bring small pets.

•**Train tracks** (west and south Provo) make for shadowy, high-risk fun and real atmosphere. Only for the hard core.

•If you're headed for west Provo, you might take the frontage road all the way out to the *airport* or *Utah Lake*.

see "guide" p. 14



## Night Spots

by Sean Ziebarth and Dave Seiter

The number of venues providing live music (and some sort of night life) in Utah County is on the rise. It seems that some are determined to make a college town out of Provo. Being an area traditionally complacent with its rural, culturally-void status, this marks real progress. If you have the means to venture up to Salt Lake, the possibilities multiply. Below is a sampling of night spots available to those unsatisfied by the dance hall routine.

**Mama's Cafe**—The newest addition to the campus area, Mama's is open day and night, serving up deli favorites and providing acoustic music that Provo readily embraces. It's convenient, casual and sure to

be the primary hang out spot around town.

**The Pod**—New owners have taken over The Living Room, given it a fresh coat of paint, and renamed it The Pod. The venue still caters to bands like The Hinge and Elliot's Pool.

**Godfather's Pizza**—Live bands grace the stage in the roomy "Gallery" on weekends. This is but one of the many pizza restaurants that have been home to Provo's budding musicians.

**Pier 54**—Of the Provo area night spots, few restaurants surpass Pier 54's gourmet pizza. But more importantly, the restaurant fills a gap few other venues cater to by providing jazz and blues, as well as improvisational jams midweek and weekends.

**Side Pocket** (24 E. Main American Fork, 756-0830)—Located in A.F., they've been drawing out some great talent with occasional shows.

**Club Starrz** (740 S. 300 W. Salt Lake, 359-1323)—Chock full of hardcore, straight edge, local, and metal bands six nights a week. Good underground gigs.

**\*The Zephyr** (301 S. West Temple Salt Lake, 355-CLUB)—An eclectic mix of live bands nightly. Commonly featuring reggae, ska, rockabilly, rock, and folk.

**The Dead Goat Saloon** (168 South West Temple Salt Lake, 328-GOAT)—"A rockin' little roadhouse" providing pool, food, large screen satellite TV, and live music nightly. In addition to hosting great Salt Lake bands, The Dead Goat is

home to KRCL's monthly live Blues broadcasts.

**\*The Bar and Grill** (60 E. 800 S. Salt Lake, 533-0340)—A common venue for national touring bands, The Bar and Grill also features live alternative music on Thursdays and live acoustic music on Sundays. Upcoming shows include Sister Psychic and My Sister Jane.

**\*DV8** (115 S. West Temple Salt Lake, 539-8400)—A bigger, two-level venue with plenty of seating, a small dance floor, and lots of national alternative acts. Upcoming shows include Mary's Danish and Consolidated.

*\*Venues marked (\*) are private clubs. The state requires that venues providing hard liquor be a private club. Sometimes you need a mem-*

*bership to see a live show and sometimes you don't. When a membership is required it's usually very easy and cheap to obtain. Call the clubs for more details.*

### Lyric Liners:

"...The shape and rhythm of two different kinds of nights—nights of heat and weirdness in which we alone are awake, humming with forbidden energy; nights into which we would not send our dogs—wild sea and wet forest and eyes and teeth—or those other nights—fragrant with blossom, incandescent with moonlight and dreams, possessed by a cool beauty which evaporates with the dew..."

— Shriekback, liner notes from **Big Night Music**

## A Breath of Cool

by Jayd McPerson

Sick of bands who put the media before the melody? Who are more politically correct than musically correct? Who are more into fashion than passion?

Meet Kitchens of Distinction, who, contrary to the title of their latest release, *The Death of Cool*, are actually a breath of cool. Borrowing the better bits of the Cocteau Twins, 4AD, and "shoegazing" bands such as Ride, Lush, and Curve, Kitchens of Distinction have built a sound all their own. Songs initially

glide on strong bass rhythms and subtle guitar textures before ultimately exploding into waves of guitar swells and surges. Layers of sound absorb the listener as walls of ambient noise unmercifully crash to an ending.

The lyrics are some of the most tortured words of love and lust since the death of the Smiths. Songs explore relationships from their blissful inception ("I can feel the waves of your gorgeous love") to their bitter demise ("I will cut him out of my heart") with poignancy and an often cynical tone.

Perhaps the cynicism is a reflection of the band's disgust and frustration with the prevalence of

homophobia. Many songs address the difficulty of living a homosexual lifestyle in a predominantly heterosexual world. Struggles permeate the album's tone lyrically and musically.

Unfortunately, the band's bashful nature has kept many from discovering what they have to offer. Many, however, will get the chance when they open for Suzanne Vega toward the end of this month. Let the words and waves of music envelope you as you take a breath of cool.

Kitchens of Distinction will be appearing on February 25th at Kingsbury Hall as the opening act for Suzanne Vega.

## The Pixies 1986-1993

by Sean Ziebarth

Lamentably, another page in the history of rock and roll turns as former members of the Pixies move on, forging new frontiers without each other.

This comes as a surprise after a successful trek across the U.S. opening for U2's Zoo TV Tour last spring. Former frontman Black Francis (Charles Michael Kitteridge Thompson IV) was recently

featured in *Rolling Stone* promoting his first solo effort under his new pseudonym Frank Black. When asked about the current status of the Pixies he said they were "officially on vacation. At the moment, there's nothing going on." Soon after the *Rolling Stone* article the L.A. Times reported that the Pixies had "officially broken up."

For Pixies fans this is devastating. The Pixies have inspired and entertained many, with a pastiche of brazen guitars, thundering drums, and ripe melodies with a dash of surf music sprinkled in for seven years. No longer will we be able to enjoy the release of a new Pixies album—the offspring of four wonderful minds who came together through an ad seeking some-

one "into Hüsker Dü and Peter, Paul, and Mary."

Some may have suspected a move like this. We knew something wasn't right when bassist and backing vocalist Kim Deal disappeared into the background on their last album *Trompe le Monde*. Her smoky voice never rose higher than Francis' and she soon began touring with her own band the Breeders. Which brings us to the sunny side: if the Pixies minus the Pixies equal two bands (Math 100 students ignore this), Frank Black and the Breeders, the grass on the other side of the fence just may be evergreen.

The Breeders' first album *Pod*, and subsequent e.p. *Safari* are dazzling doings themselves. Kim Deal and her twin sister Kelly have plenty of

talent and charisma to hold their own, as we saw last Halloween at DV8. And, more importantly, the Breeders are currently in San Francisco recording new material for an upcoming album.

Guitarist Joey Santiago is featured on Frank Black's album due out in March and may tour with Francis/Black in the spring or fall. So, although we are losing a dear friend in the Pixies we are gaining several more with the fruits of their family tree. And it may soon be that Black will be "driving, doing nothing on the shores of the Great Salt Lake" and decide to stop and belt out some of his simple, demented chaos.

## Closet Favorites

(Music you secretly love but won't admit to anyone.)

"Since I'm fundamentally opposed to much of what Guns N' Roses represent, I hate to admit this. But something about the opening riff of Sweet Child O' Mine sends tingles down my spine every time I hear it—which might explain why Axl Rose dances like he does in the video."

— Sam Cannon, Farmington Hills, MI, Majoring in Horticultural Accountancy

If you have a "Closet Favorite", send it to Student Review, Attn: Noise Editor, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602. Include your name, rank, serial number, why you like it, and why you can't admit it.



## Let's Go Cow-Tippin' Ya'll

by Al "the country boy" Koholic

YEE-HAW! I finally got an article published in this here newspaper. I been tryin' for ages, but they just never will do me right by gettin' me some printin' space. I can't figure out for the life of me why they didn't put my down-home southern recipe for spicy-red chitlings in print or my sure-fire way for catchin' a catfish, but hallelujah, I made it. My grandma-ma will be so proud.

Yep, I finally found a helping hand...at the end of my own arm. So slap me silly and feed me grits if I ain't got the best darn night sport this side of the Mississipp. Listen up ya'll, this is even better than diggin' for nightcrawlers or chewing on a hickory twig. It's called cow-tippin', and I'm the best of all-time in my county.

First of all, this ain't for no sissies-it's only for country boys. The kind like me that have a shotgun rifle and a four-wheel drive. The boys that can skin a buck and run a trout line. I'm talkin' serious tobacco-chewin' boys that love to sit on the creek bank laying in the shade.

Here's how it's done. First you find a farm where you ain't related to the folks that own it. Then you look for the sleeping cows. You know it's the craziest thing I ever seen, but them things sleep standin' up. If you're real fired up you look for the bull. Then you get out of your Chevy truck (I'd rather push my Chevy than drive a Ford) and you jump that thar fence. Be

careful now, cause sometimes that baby is juiced up with a big 'ol lectric shock, and other times that barbed wire goes ripping stuff you don't want

ain't got your good snake skin boots on, cause you'll be steppin' in some stuff. Then you walk up slowly to them heifers and push the suckers

over. They fall flat on their butts, and you caint stop laughing, but you better. Them fellas are madder than a wet hornet and hotter than a junebug on a hot tin roof. If you aint runnin' your fanny to get over that thar fence, those angry beef-boys will

and if you caint handle it you aint no true country boy anyhow. In the immortal words of Bocephus, known better as Hank Williams Jr., (the king of the Monday Night Football theme song) "A country boy can survive!"

So there you have it ya'll, the greatest night sport of all time. If you still want my recipe for spicey red-hot southern chitlings just give me a call now. Cow-tippin' and chitlings afterwards make for the best darn time you ever done had. Hi grandma-ma! Hey Billy Joe Bob, you aint never gonna be famous like me in some big city paper. See ya'll later now!



ripped...if you know what I mean. Then you make sure you

be on you like flies on a ribroast at a July picnic. It's dangerous, but DANG is it fun

## Rockin' the Fieldhouse

by Greg Schell

I am working on my fifth semester at BYU, and so far it's been one heckuva ride. I have been entertained by great BYU athletes and screamed myself hoarse at several sporting events. (I've also been getting an education, but that's a side note.) Through it all I have been in search of the ultimate buzz. Now before you call Standards on me you must hear me out. I'm not talking about the cursed effects of the devil's brew; I'm involved in a more celestial pursuit. I'm talking about going to a sporting event and getting so rowdy with the fans that I go home with the buzz of the crowd still echoing through my head, and with so much excess energy that I can go without sleeping for several days. Of all the events I have been to there has been only one sport that made this dream a reality. I'm talking volleyball. Now before you scoff at this, I ask you to hear the humble words of a v-ball convert.

Before I came to BYU I was a volleyball skeptic. Where I grew up people brushed v-ball aside as a "girls sport," and a men's volleyball team was as rare as a three dollar bill. I saw no reason to attend a v-ball game and hadn't planned on it until a friend of mine on the BYU womens' team told me I should go some time and check it out. When I finally got around to it, I had a blast. This fall the womens' team swept the WAC and finished with a good showing in the NAAs. Their match with New Mexico was nothing less than incredible. If I remember right, I was so fired up I even coughed up a lung. Screaming at such high decibels will do that.

Then there was the men's game a week and a half ago against defending national champion Pepperdine. Coach McGowan called it the biggest victory in the program's existence. I call it the best athletic event I have been to at BYU.

The Cougars were down two games to none and looking like it was all over. Then things turned around, and, like I yelled at one of the Pepperdine

crew as he was getting ready to serve, it's never over 'til the fat lady sings. About this time three guys came to life: Hugh McCutcheon, Kevin Hambly, and Pat Sinclair. Before the night was over BYU had made a come-from-behind victory. The crowd participation was the best. My head swelled with pride as I heard several students taunt and torment the Pepperdine club in a fashion reminiscent of the suggestions I had made in my article two weeks ago. When the final point was scored and the victory secured, several of us charged the floor and did a little dance on the court. No feeling compares to the rush of such a great victory.

What more can one ask? The Smith Fieldhouse is the place to be on Friday and Saturday nights. The athletes are intense—they love the game. The fans are the classiest bunch on campus—they know how to rock. Take a date or hang with your posse. I guarantee you'll come out with the buzz of your life.

### "guide" from p. 12

but the security's not high either. Know what I mean? You got the run of the place. The lake reminds me of a short story called "Lake Stink," but you can drive out onto the shore and watch the sludge slop about (with your windows rolled up).

•There's a place in Springville called *Camelot Forest*, a grove of carved trees. If you're into mythical stuff, gnomes, etc., take the Springville off-ramp and head for the nearest grove.

•*Diamond Fork hot pots* may be hard to get to this time of year, but as soon as the thaw hits, go. Head up Spanish Fork canyon, turn left at Diamond Fork, drive back for a few miles. The trail to the pots heads east. It's a hike, but there's nothing like coating your

body in hot black sulphurous mud and showering under waterfalls. Don't wear anything you like.

•Also up Spanish Fork canyon (take the Manti turn-off) is the small town of *Thistle*, an eerily beautiful abandoned town. In the early eighties, the canyon was ravaged by mudslides which half-submerged Thistle, a little whistle-stop town, in mud. You can still see half-houses and car bumpers above the water and the dead trees are bleached white. A little word of warning: pick carefully the place where you pull off the road. While the snow is still on the ground, there's mud underneath. Not a lot of traffic passes that way late at night, and it's no fun to get stuck.

•Utah County abounds with great ghost and near-ghost towns. West-bound Highway 6 (take the I-15

Santaquin off-ramp) is a real beauty—towns like Genola, Goshen, and Elberta are strung out along wide cattle fields and huge power lines. Keep on trucking up through the hilly passes until you hit *Eureka*, an old mining town and a destination resort too, featuring blocks of abandoned houses, boarded up bars, and a motor lodge on wheels. The drive to *Mona* rates high, as does the state highway through *Lehi* to *Cedar Fort*. Any canyon is a good idea—small *Payson* and *Hobble Creek* canyons especially. For maximum navigational fun, take out your phonebook and try to find all the towns listed on the back cover. Ever been to Covered Bridge Canyon? Birdseye? Leland? Sheep Creek? It's late, you have nothing else to do. Get lost.



## "Night" from p. 10

suggest you either develop a better mile-and-a-half time, or start looking like you stepped out of a J.Crew ad instead of the London underground. But then, most people who are out at night find the J.Crew "what-a-nice-young-man"-look loathsome. Sort of a damned if you do, damned if you don't situation. But hey: I never said it would be easy.

What are the advantages of night personhood, then? Primarily, the night person attitude. Oh yes, its much more than a physical state. Do you thrill to know that you're less likely to run into the "normal" people at night than during the day? Then join me. I like the security of knowing that when I return home after a night of prowling, I won't see any love bunnies in the lobby rolling each others' brains out. I hate chiffon. Chiffon and brown leather and excess saliva. Night people regard all such as hypocrites. I don't like dealing with those kind of people, so naturally if most of them are home by midnight, I enjoy being out past then. I can go walking across the ASB quad at 1 a.m. and feel confident that I won't have to see a single nauseating Peter-Molly couple go walking past me. No chiffon. No brown leather.

Another reason for being a night owl is the freedom. It's exhilarating to be able to walk down the center of University Avenue and be passed by only twelve cars in half an hour. There's no one around to tell you that it's against the rules to be out on the middle line. (Haven't you heard? The BYU pedestrian cops are all *day people*, see?) And it goes further than that. At night, there's no one to tell you that turning Brigham Young's statue into a snowman is disrespectful. No one to tell you that snowball fights

are "against the rules." No one to tell you anything.

A lot of my attraction to the night is the atmosphere, the feeling. During the day, I feel stifled by everything around me. At night, I feel alive. I love to watch the sun rise, but it can't compare to seeing the crescent moon come up over a field of new-fallen snow. After an experience like that, I am in awe of God and His creations. (Yes, we are a spiritual bunch, we night people.) The day belongs to humanity. They have tamed it. The night is the realm of the wild, the untamed.

I'm still on that never-ending quest to find truly unique and exciting things to do at night around here. If you find anything you think I'd be interested in, write me, c/o *Student Review*. But the fact is, I'm happy just to be out, enjoying the night. Sure, sometimes I plan big elaborate things like building a bonfire on the big block "Y," or hiding out in the HFAC after hours and playing in the catacombs, but what matters is that it's night. You don't do it because it ticks off the guys next door, or because it means you don't have to deal with your uptight R.A., but because you still feel young, wild, and free. (Like Elsa, the lion.) I live at night, and I love it.



## "Crabby" from p. 7

your deeper feelings toward the escapist's dream show: Is it Steve you like...or Nat of the Peach Pit? My guess is, you're the one left in the apartment on Wednesday nights, drowning your sorrows in Sprite and bean dip (it's all adding up now, isn't it?). You vicariously live your life through Kelly, Dylan, Donna, David, Brandon, Brenda and Jeremy Jordan ("alright!"). You are sick and wrong! You should seek all the professional help that you can afford on a Glenwood budget!

-Crabby

Please remember, Ima Crabby is not a licensed professional, though her immediate circle of friends includes many schizophrenics and twelve-step program members. Letters should be submitted to "Dear Crabby" c/o *Student Review*, Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602, or drop them in the SR drop box in 1102 JKHB.

## "Day" from p. 11

couple of great ones I caught just this week. You also get great specials like "Harry Connick Jr.: The New York Big Band Concert" and "Mushrooms: The Edible Fungus."

Another important advantage to being a morning person is you never have to worry about getting a parking space on campus. I always leave a little early for my 7:00 classes so that I can get the best space in the parking lot, not to mention a front row seat in my first class.

I also never have to worry about failing to get a copy of *The Daily Universe* because I am up before they are. This is especially important on Mondays when the *Universe* has great theme issues like Valentine's Day and AIDS. Being up so early is also helpful on days when terrorists attack the campus and papers are being snatched up by every student. I sure wasn't one of those people who didn't get an "Ordeal" issue because they slept in till eight or nine o'clock. (I plan on selling my numerous first-run copies to all you night people later in the semester; stay tuned.)

Another great thing about being a morning person is how it will prepare me for my mission. I hear that in the field everyone has to get up at the crack of dawn. Well, I already have a head start on most of them. When I'm on my mission I'll make sure that my companion and I read the scriptures together every day at 6:00 in the morning, even on P-days. Maybe we can get up an extra hour early to study the missionary discussions too. Won't that be fun?

Sometimes I think I'm missing out on the night life in Provo. I hear it's pretty wild out there in Happy Valley after 11:00 p.m. But then I remember all the wonderful advantages that come with being a morning person. If you're one of those crazy night people, you ought to try out the morning lifestyle once in a while. Gosh, I love it!

Justin came by my home and dropped off this %\$!!\*@ article at 6:30 in the morning.

## "Ethic" from p. 9

not responsible for John's starving kids (just because you haven't done your home teaching for eight months, and didn't bother to say "Hi" when you saw him last), because John acted to remedy the crisis himself.

Morally, you *are* responsible because the second great commandment tells you to love (serve, help, etc.) your neighbor as yourself. And it will only be through moral actions, not ethical ones, that the world in which we live will become a better place to live.

## "Industrious" from p.4

trying to figure out what sort of benefits I can gain from my newly shorn head. As I mentioned, it makes me look quite pitiful, so perhaps I can go down to the Financial Aid office and see if those toads will give back some of my grant. I've also toyed with the idea of using my hair to get me through campus lines more quickly. (Example—Person in line: "Hey buddy, the line starts back there!" Me: "Yeah, but look at this ugly haircut." Person: "I guess you're right.")

I'm sure many of you readers are thinking, "Matt, what can I do about this whole haircut fiasco?" Never fear, there is much to do. First, you could send me large sums of cash with absolutely no obligation to me. If that doesn't appeal to you, perhaps you could get a bad haircut of your own. If enough people do this we could start a hair revolution that may change the way people judge good taste. If you need the name of a good barber for the job, let me know. I happen to live with five.

My editors have just informed me that this issue is a special "night issue" and all articles should be oriented accordingly. With that in mind, have a good night.

## "apathetic" from p. 7

Man: "I don't care."

2084 JKHB, February 19, 11:00 am

Woman #1: "My mom called yesterday and said she'd received revelation that I should go on a mission."

Woman #2: "What did you say?"

Woman #1: "I told her my revelation that I should go to medical school was the only one I'd received."

Humanities Department, February 17, 2:17 pm

Teacher to student: "The sign reads 'The world is our campus,'

not 'The world is our Blazer B class.'"

Kinko's on 700 E., February 9, 1:30 am

Fireside audience member, regarding the Marriot Center Ordeal: "I mean, if you're going to bum-rush someone in front of thousands of people like that, you should at least dress well."

Winfield Apartments, February 14, 7:36 pm

One guy to another: "Man, you're thinking all the time. It don't make sense."

## Hog Time

An old Iowa pig farmer was asked why he didn't take the advice of the state's agricultural school relative to feed supplements that would get his pigs ready for market twice as fast as the old way. He responded by saying, "Ah shucks—what's time to a hog?"

Time might not mean much to a hog, but to a bright, high-achiever such as yourself, time to market is everything. Don't let the price of a fully loaded 486 PC (for just \$1,415 from AAA Computer Wholesalers) set you back even a semester. Remember, semesters after graduation *earn* you money. Those before *cost* you.



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# CALENDAR

If you would like something in the calendar call Rebecca at 370-3223. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the week you would like it to appear in the calendar.

## THEATRE

**Calamity Jane**, now-March 6, Desert Star Playhouse, Murray, 226-7600.

**Flash Gordon Conquers the Planet of Evil**, Now - March 15, City Rep, 532-6000.

**I'll Remember You**, Feb 18-April 5, Hale Center Theatre, SLC, 484-9257.

**The Jungle Book**, now-April 5, City Rep, 532-6000.

**The Educated Heart**, Feb 25-April 19, Hale Center Theatre Orem, 226-8600.

**The Fantasticks**, now-May 1, 7:30 pm, Sundance, 225-4100.

**The Garrens Comedy Troupe**, Fridays and Saturdays, 7:30 pm, 2084 JKHB, BYU, \$1.00.

**Little Shop of Horrors**, Dinner Theatre, Feb 25-Mar 26, 7:30pm, UVCC Student Center Ballroom.

## THEATRE GUIDE

**Babcock Theatre**, 300 S. University, SLC, 581-6961.

**City Rep**, 638 S. State St., SLC, 532-6000.

**Egyptian Theatre**, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.

**Hale Center Theatre**, 2801 S. Main, SLC, 484-9257.

**Hale Center Theatre Orem**, 225 W. 400 N., Orem, 226-8600.

**Pioneer Theatre Company**, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC, 581-6961.

**Promised Valley Playhouse**, 132 S. State St., SLC, 364-5696.

**Provo Town Square Theatre**, 100 N. 100 W., Provo, 375-7300.

**Salt Lake Acting Company**, 500 N. 168 W., SLC, 363-0525.

## MUSIC

**Kim Simpson**, Feb 24-25, 8:30 pm, DB Cooper's (a private club), 19 E 200 S, SLC, \$5.

**Bingham High School combined choirs**, Feb 24, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall, Temple Square.

**Extreme with Saigon Kick**, Feb 24, 8 pm, Salt Lake Exhibition Hall, 467-TIXX.

**Elaine Jorgensen**, flute, Feb 24, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, BYU, Free.

**Folk Night**, Feb 25, 9 pm, Mama's Cafe, Provo.

**Suzanne Vega with Kitchens of Distinction**, Feb 25, 7:30 pm, Kingsbury Hall, SLC, 467-TIXX.

**Dr. Haji and the Blues Bandits**,

Feb 26, 9 pm, Mama's Cafe, Provo.

**Whisper of the Muse (acoustic)**, Feb 26, 8 pm, Café Haven, Orem, \$2.

**Dionne Warwick with the Utah Symphony**, Feb 26-28, 8 pm, Symphony Hall, SLC, 533-NOTE.

**Duane Call and Spanky Rowan**, (hippie-groove-type thang), Feb 27, 9 pm, Mama's Cafe, Provo.

**Rich Dixon Jazz and Improv**, Tuesdays, 8pm., Pier 54, Provo.

**Dr. Haji and the Blues Bandits and open Jam**, Wednesdays, 8pm., Pier 54, Provo.

**Opera on Classical 89 FM**, Wednesdays, 7 pm.

**Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals**, Thursdays, 8:00-9:30 p.m.

**Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word"**, Sundays, 9:30-10:00 a.m., Temple Square. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.

**Dead Goat Saloon**, Live music, 165 S. West Temple, SLC, 328-GOAT.

**Zephyr**, live shows nightly, 301 S West Temple, 355-CLUB.

## CINEMA GUIDE

**El Hajj Malik El Shabazz**, the original Malcolm X Documentary, Feb 27, 12 noon, Tower Theater, 876 E 900 S, SLC, \$5.

**Underground Images Films**, every Wednesday, 8 pm, 1170 Talmage Building, BYU.

**Villa Theatre**, 254 S. Main, Springville, 489-3088. \$1

**Academy Theatre**, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

**Avon Theatre**, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

**Carillon Odeon Theatres**, 224-5112.

**Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas**, 224-6622.

**International Cinema**, BYU, 378-5751.

**Mann Central Square Theatre**, 374-6061.

**Scera Theatre**, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.

**Tower Theatre**, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 359-9234.

**Varsity Theatre**, BYU campus, 378-3311.

## OTHER

**Alexander Livshin will speak on "Yeltsin and the Contemporary Alternatives in Russia,"** Feb 24, 12 noon, 238 HRCB, BYU.

**Dr. James W. Cannon will speak on "Mathematical Parables,"** Feb 24, 8 pm, Pardee Theatre, HFAC, BYU.

**Rex Lee** will field questions in an open forum, Feb 25, 11am, Memorial Lounge, ELWC, BYU.

**Arthur Henry King will speak on "Genuine General Ed,"** Feb 25, 11 am, 321 MSRB, BYU.

**Galina Illichna Volodina will speak on "The Contemporary Political and Social Scene in Russia from the Perspective of a Political Activist,"** Feb 26, 11 am, 238 HRCB, BYU.

**"Exhibition,"** a fashion show presented by BYU student designers, Feb 16, 8 pm, ELWC Ballroom, BYU. Tickets available at the Varsity Theatre Box Office Mon-Fri, 10am-2pm, \$5.

**The Lamanite Generation** will perform Feb 26-27, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, BYU.

**Marianne Thompson and Davison Cheney of "Saturday's Warrior"** will give a fireside, Feb 28, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, BYU.

**KHQ Radio and Krishna Temple** open house every Sunday at 6 pm. Includes mantra meditation, films, and a vegetarian feast. Call 789-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.

**Monday night poetry**, 7-8 pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem.

**Massages**, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

**Geneva Steel Plant Tours**, MTuWFr 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., 227-9240.

**Hansen Planetarium**, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Fly. Info 538-2098.

**Readings of local women writers**, Mondays, A Woman's Place

Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

**Family History Center Classes**, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, HBLL Library, BYU.

## CHILDREN

**The Complete Works of Winnie the Pooh**, Mondays, 6:30 pm, Classical 89 FM.

**Story Hour**, Tues., Wed., Thurs, 10am and 11am. Provo Library, age 3-4.

**After School Special**, Thursdays, 3:30 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. Provo Library.

**Saturday Safaris**, every Saturday, Bean Life Science Museum, 10 am, \$6, 378-5051.

## USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**White House**, 202-456-1414.

**Governor**, 538-1000.

**Center for Women and Children in Crisis**, 374-9351.

**Ask-A-Nurse**, 377-8488.

**Amnesty International** (local), 373-0772.

**Air Quality Hotline**, 373-9560.

**Dial-A-Story**, 379-6675.

**Utah Bureau of Air Quality**, 536-4000.

**People Who Care**, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980.

**Uinta National Forest**, 377-5780.

**Peace Corps Recruiting Office**, 581-5100.

**Cancer Information Service**, 1800-4-CANCER.

**Current Sky Info**, 532-STAR.

**General BYU Campus and Community Info**, 378-4313.

**UTA**, 375-4636.

**Habitat for Humanity Hotline** (BYU chapter), 371-3368.

**Sierra Club Hotline**, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.

**Alcoholics Anonymous**, 375-8620.

**LDS Social Services**, 378-7620.

**Time and Temperature**, 373-9120.

**AIDS Hotline 1800-AIDS-411**.

**United Way**, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400.

**Student Review Office**, 377-2980.

## EDITOR'S PICK

Two recommendations this week:

First, support BYU fashion design students by attending their annual show. This year's, entitled "Exhibition!," features designer Alexander Julian and will be hosted by Sharlene Wells Hawkes on Feb. 26 at 8 pm. Tickets can be bought at the Varsity Theater ticket office Monday - Friday from 10 am to 2 pm.

Second, celebrate Black History Month by learning a little more about Malcolm X. The original documentary film about him, "El Hajj Malik El Shabazz," will be shown on Feb. 27 at 12 noon at the Tower Theater in SLC. Admission is \$5. You'll find this film to be quite different from the recent Spike Lee production.

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Come to our 6pm Tuesday meeting in 321 MSRB

## "colorado" from p. 8

Is Andrade's analysis hasty or overblown? Hardly. The director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, Martin Hiraga, reported that November saw Colorado's gay-bashing rate go up 375% over the first ten months of the year. (You may recall from the previous article that Oregon's went up 400%, as well.) This violence goes largely unpunished, because of statutes like Amendment 2. Keith Clark reports in *IN News*: "Lt. William Mohr of the Denver Police Dept. confirmed there had been an increase in the number of reported gay-bashing attacks since the anti-gay Amendment 2 was passed on November 3. But he said police could do little more than vigorously enforce existing assault laws, since gays and lesbians are not included in the state's hate crimes laws" (4 Jan., p.1, my

emphasis added).

Almost all states have some hate crimes laws on the books, and some cities even have special arms of the police force dedicated to preventing and prosecuting such incidents. Hate crimes are unique in a number of ways: they "are double offenses, combining already existing crimes (assault, etc.) with a newly criminalized psychological state—hatred—also defined by statute and sometimes including gender and sexual orientation" (Cindy Patton, *VV Literary Supplement*, 9 Feb., p.17). When gays are the primary group affected by hate crimes (along with racial minorities and women—basically, everyone who's not a heterosexual white male), singling them out and excluding them from police protection is in itself criminal.

See, it's not as simple as liking

a different flavor of Jell-O. As Steve pointed out by his whimsical analogy, nobody will bash him for preferring red to green. Nobody will street-harass him, fire him, bludgeon him, or fire-bomb his house (all actual incidents following Election Day in Oregon and Colorado). Few people actually advocate violence against homosexuals, but it's important to realize that a "Yes" vote on Measure 9 or Amendment 2 was essentially a "license to bash." Bills are coming up in California, Georgia, Idaho, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Ohio, and Washington to further compromise the civil rights of gays and lesbians. Be careful where